# Sesonal Stories...

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# Seasonal Stories

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Chapter 1

# My Halloween Story....

heey guys :)

i thought i'd do something different for Halloween today. I was in the car and just thought of it. So enjoy, and I might put on part2 tomorrow ;).

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I sat, looking out of my window at the garden below. I watched as my sister, Caitlyn playfully hit the arm of one of the most important twenty-something year olds in my world. Caitlyn had been dating Lord Henry Powder's twenty two-year-old son, Jase for just over a year. Boy, they were some couple. Jase usually liked to stay over at our manor house, and it was

really hard to sleep when I had the room next to Caitlyn. Let's just say, the walls are thin.

I turned back to see my two-month old niece pick up a wooden stick that looked strangely like...

"No!" I screamed, lunging towards Chenise. Grabbing the wand from her hand, I scolded, "Chenise, you've been told already! No playing with Auntie's wand!"

Silly, silly child. She'd have to wait until she became a teenager before she was allowed to get a wand! Chenise was my oldest sister Jane's first born child. There was much controversy over the fact that Jane wasn't married to Chenise's father. In fact, Jane was the only person in the family who knew who the father was! This wasn't 'proper social etiquette' for the Harley family.

It was really hard being a Harley, and I understood why Jane did what she did. She wanted to rebel. Having twelve brothers and sisters did make you seem a little bit ignored. Especially when the only attention went towards the eldest brother.

Trevor was a stuck up, arrogant arse-wipe that needed a kick up the backside. He was a man-whore, just because he could get away with it. The family would cover it up with money, bribes and blackmail if any of Trevor's 'lady friends' suddenly stopped coming round to the manor. This was due to the fact they were knocked up.

Trevor was seen, for some strange reason, as a sex-god. Couldn't tell you why. He had horrid black hair with blonde streaks throughout it. Too emo for my liking, to be frank. I had to admit though; he had a good body. I know it sounds wrong, cause he's my brother, but he had a, like, eight pack! think this, and his spot-less face, made him seem good looking to other girls. Though it was only the girls he liked that seemed interested. It was almost like... magic.

As you might have guessed, the Harley family was a family of magic. Another one of the most important families (along with Jase's family) in our world. Our world was one of magic and mysteries. Sort of like Harry Potter. JK Rowling got a few things right in those books of hers. Except Voldemort - God, what a

boring character! I laughed when I read the last book. It so didn't work like that.

Yes, we had the chance to go to a school of magic, but it wasn't compulsory. But most teenage wizards and witches did, as they wanted to be with others who 'understood' them and they were more likely to be accepted. Well, that was bull. I decided to go to a mortal school - not Muggle, mortal. This was mainly because if I went to a magic school, I'd be flocked with people who wanted to hang out with me because of my heritage, not my personality. At a mortal school I wasn't from an amazingly important family.

Unfortunately, this meant magic studies at school. It wasn't that bad, but it made the day drag. This was due to the fact that to fit everything in, my tutor and myself had to freeze time to get everything done and so I could do my homework for school too! I had a hectic life.

I sighed and walked over to the full-length mirror in my room. I studied my brown hair, reaching just below my shoulders. The green extensions were

always in my hair, and I doubted that anyone thought they were just clip-in things from Claire's. My face was free of any blemishes - everyone from my world had clear complexions (what was the point of having the power to rid yourself of them and not using that amazing power?!). My eyes were also green, which is why I picked that colour for my extensions. I wore a lot of green. Like today, I was wearing a black dress, green tights and black plimsoles. Damn, I looked good.

Good enough to go 'bump into' Isaac Jenkins at the local shopping centre? Well, we'd just have to see. I spun around with excitement, already buzzing. However, then I spotted Chenise. Greeaat. I had forgotten about her! It was my day to babysit the little cutie, maybe I'd be able to take her with me? No, that wouldn't work, Chenise would end up setting New Look on fire with her eyes or something!

I ran around the west-wing of the house. This was the side of the manor dominated by the kiddy-winkles. Mum and Dad weren't going to be having another kid (13 was the traditional number of children my family

had) but they still knew about protection. A disgusting thought, I know, but a fact. Bleugh!

I find this impossible to believe, but with twelve brothers and sisters you would expect one of them to be hanging around! But no.

So I ran outside, and dumped Chenise with Caitlyn.

"Faye! No, nut! Get lost," Caitlyn squealed. She wasn't happy with the baby being dumped on her. However, Jase was there to rescue me.

"C'mon, Caitlyn, babe," he soothed, "I can see what kind of a mum you'd make, and then when Faye gets home, maybe we can..."

"EW!" I yelled, "can you please wait until I'm at least out of earshot? That's... ew!"

But now to 'bump into' Isaac.

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Isaac was the singularly most gorgeous person on this planet. Except maybe Edward Cullen (yes, he exists!) or Lloyd Daniel (I'm a witch, but not allowed

to use my powers to make him love me, how is that fair?) but that isn't the point.

Isaac Jenkins is the only good looking boy from my school. It isn't like me to fall in love with a mortal (Lloyd being an exception) but this boy seriously resembled a Greek God. I know some folk say, 'oh yeah, my boyfriend's a total GOD! Like, ahem, a GREEK one!' but Isaac was!

His black hair flopped everywhere, cascading into his perfect brown eyes. Man, he's hot. His skin was also as soft and clear as a baby's bottom. He was kind of emo, but not totally, if you catch my drift.

I loved him.

You might ask, why weren't we already a couple? I'm a witch, and I know the spell, so why don't I just magic Isaac to fall in love with me? Good question.

At that point, Isaac bumped into me.

"Oh, sorry there, doll," he said, looking up. He saw it was me and winked.

"Oh, hey Isaac," I said, smiling at him. The teeth had been polished, straightened, were the right length, and perfectly perfect for this boy. I had also practised my alluring smile so much in the mirror recently it was unbelievable.

"Fancy bumping into you like this," Isaac started. My heartbeat started to race and my breathing became raged. He knew - he knew I had planned this! Oh, God, he knew I was a witch!

"Yeah," I replied, faking calm.

"Especially on a dark Halloween night, like tonight," he whispered evilly. I shivered involuntary.

"Yeah," I breathed, too stunned to speak.

"Hey, come trick-or-treating with me?" he suggested. I nodded silently, anything for him. He took me by the hand, and led me into the night.

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I knew why I didn't bewitch Isaac. I loved him so much; I wanted him to love me for me. Not because he was under the impression he loved me, but

because his heart told him truthfully that he loved me. Also, I couldn't take away Isaac's choice. That wouldn't be fair.

Oh man, I just wished he loved me too!

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Faye was looking stunning. Dressed up in her usual colour: green. It suited her perfectly. I wouldn't have her in any other colours but black and green. I always seemed to be bumping into her though; it was weird how that happened.

I jumped at the opportunity. Faye and I out together. Like a date.

I loved her.

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I twisted my fingers into an intricate pattern and muttered the words under my breath. Her nose suddenly became covered in warts.

Serves her right, the slut. I mean, who comes to the door in a Playboy Bunny outfit? In this weather? Stupid whore.

She screamed in agony as though her legs had just been chopped off. As a matter of fact, I knew a spell that could do that... No, control is essential! I couldn't afford to get caught.

I tried (and failed) to keep my sniggering under my breath, or laugh slyly. Alas, I am doomed to fail at being sly. Shame, that...

The night had gone magnificently well. Isaac and I were getting on like a house on fire. When the houses we knocked on asked us what we were, Isaac wittly replied, "we're teenagers - duu?"

We did look rather gothic and scary, so most houses accepted us as making an effort to dress up.

I loved Isaac...

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I loved Faye...

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Three hours later, and we stopped to rest at a park bench. It was about eleven at night now, and Jack Frost was turning his icy eyes on everything.

Naked to the mortal eyes, but not to mine (special contacts, y'know?) floated tiny ice particals, and Jack Frost actually could be seen.

Jack was an ex of mine, and I just loved to wind him up, like a little toy. I whispered another spell and pointed to the fountain, melting the ice in the pool of the fountain, and the lights.

He shreiked as icy cold water cascaded over him. He was shrieking only because he got a fright - not because of the temperature. That was going to change though. I whispered something else and steam rose from the fountain Jack was now playing in. I chuckled as he started shrieking in annoyance. It was so funny watching Jack get mad.

He turned round and gave me full on evils. Whoops.

"What's so funny?" Isaac asked, whispering in my ear.

"Oh, nothing," I replied, smiling back at him.

"Good," he whispered. Then he leant towards me and my smile widened.

I noticed in the side of my eye Jack Frost walk away sadly. He didn't want to watch as his ex and another dude sat snogging on a park bench at eleven at night on Halloween.

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I pulled back, and looked at Faye. She was utterly perfect in every single way.

Then, suddenly, Jancie Barker from school jumped out of the bushes behind us, shrieking as loud as possible.

"She's a witch! She's a witch! Faye is a proper, Harry-Potter style WITCH!"

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Oohh, shit...

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To be continued.....

Chapter 2

# My Halloween Story....2

It continues in part two... spooky ;)

recap -

"She's a witch! She's a witch! Faye is a proper, Harry-Potter style WITCH!"

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Oooh, shit...

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"A witch?" I laughed. Halloween had clearly gone to Janice's head. Or maybe jealously and Halloween had driven her crazy: she'd been stalking me for a while now, I knew she fantasised herself to be in love with me, but accusing Faye of being a witch? Maybe Janise had been drinking?

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She pointed her finger at me menacingly, and at that point I knew she knew.

Oh, crap. When Dad found out about this... Witches don't get grounded. Where do you think the whole 'I'll-turn-you-into-a-frog' thing came from? 'The Princess and the Frog' kind of owe witches and wizards money for using the traditional parental punishment.

However, Dad wasn't here, and I could just make her forget... But then Isaac would notice, and making him forget would mean he'd forget about our little moment there, and I couldn't, wouldn't let that happen. I wouldn't lie to Isaac. But, I could just laugh

it off, and therefore wouldn't be lying to Isaac exactly...

Could I not keep my secret for a little while longer? Once Isaac knew, he'd run off. Mortals didn't like new or weird things like magic. He'd disappear out of my life, and I'd be eternally unhappy.

Oh God, I loved my power, but at that point, I hated it for making me different from the people I went to school with. Why was life full of so hard choices!

"Janice," I said, staring deep into her eyes, my mind made up in that instant, "have you been drinking?"

This was my only way out. I nodded my head in encouragement, and Janice copied her eyes glazed over and her facial expression blank. Good, she was under the power of the spell. Now...

"Sorry guys," she stated blankly, her voice devoid of any expression, "yes, I have been drinking multitudinous alcoholic beverages this evening, and I am clearly intoxicated with the amount of poison I have consumed."

"Janice, are you okay? You don't usually use so many ... umm ... big ... words!" Isaac laughed.

Crap. Should've thought about that... Could I lie to Isaac any further? No...

"Isaac, I've got a confession..." I started.

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"Isaac, I've got a confession..." she started. What was wrong with her? She looked really unhappy. Did she not want to be with me or something?

"Wait!" I interrupted, "let me just say one thing." She opened her mouth to speak, but I cut her off, "I love you."

I love her.

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I love you. I love you. I love you. I love you. I love you. I love you. I love you. I love you. I love you.

I love you too, Isaac Jenkins. I love you too.

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She cried. Her eyes filled with tears, and she cried! I declared my undying love for her (well, I said I loved her, I'm not really a romantic sort of dude) and she cried!

What chick does that?!

I managed to decipher apologetic words throughout the sobbing. Faye was getting herself more and more worked up, and I couldn't stop it. Well, maybe one technique would work...

I cut off her sobs by pressing her lips once more to mine. I smiled internally as our tongues dance the tango, moving in synchronisation. We were clearly perfect for each other. My hands snaked around her waist, and I pulled her into me. Her arms went around my neck pulling my head towards hers more.

I took a breather, but my lips did not leave her. I softly kissed her closed eyelids, forehead, and nose before returning once more to her lips. We sat on the bench for half an hour, pulling.

Romance on Halloween - that was new.

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We were sitting on the bench still, chatting and laughing and occasionally exchanging saliva.

Even though Janice was out the picture, I still had to tell him about me being a witch. I mean, he declared his love for me, I had to tell him my secret.

The town clock chimed loudly, signalling it was midnight - a start of a new day: All Saints Day. Nothing spooky or weird happened to all the stereotypical 'dark creatures' (witches, wizards, goblins, werewolves, vampires etc...) but it did make us stronger, more powerful.

Okay, I suppose that is quite weird...

A sense of anticipation and a sense of purpose inexplicably built up inside of me. I would tell him. The whole truth - everything.

"I love you, Isaac Jenkins. I truly do! That's why I need to tell you the truth."

He waited with bated breath - it was obvious the next sentence uttered from my mouth would be one of extreme importance.

"Isaac - I'm a witch."

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to be continued.....

Chapter 3

# My Halloween Story....3

iiteeeee ;).

well, here it is! the final part of my Halloween story!!

i had it TOTALLY planned out, and was going to do it in 2 parts, one on halloween, one on all saints day. but my life is fucked up now, so that kinda went out the window :L

but! i'm back on track, and it's all good in the 'hood.

here it is... the final part of the story....

(oooh, spooky, huh ;]!)

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recap...

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"Isaac - I'm a witch."

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I had told him. I had actually told him! I couldn't believe I had worked up the courage and guts and nerve to admit the most secretive secret in the whole of magical knowing. Must be something about All Saints Day...

And once I had admitted the basic, most important fact (me being a witch) the rest started to pour out of my mouth, spilling everything.

"I could go to a magic school, but my family is really important in our world - 'our world' being a world of magic - so I decided to go to a mortal school - that's what we call non-magic folk. JK Rowling is talking bull with all that 'Muggle' shit - 'cause it's just less stress. Then I study magic every day after school - my

tutor and I have to freeze time so that -" I broke off, looking at Isaac.

Who had frozen - not moved since I told him the truth. The amazing truth that I had taken for granted all my life. But for one I put myself in Isaac's position.

This was would be totally new and weird for him. Someone he claimed to love had just revealed she could do magic - that must be really weird.

Oh my, God. Would he be able to cope with it? Would he find it too weird?

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She had just told me she was a witch. Like, someone who could do magic and shit.

Damn, that's hot.

I grinned and kissed her again, desperate to see if the magic was just in her fingers. Yeah, that sounds wrong, but I had never been so turned on. My pride and joy was screaming at me to get some action, be it on the park bench, or at mine - I wasn't fussed.

But, damn. She oozes sex appeal now.

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I knew it wasn't a mistake to tell Isaac about my world. He kissed me passionately - his eyes telling me he wanted some, right now. His jeans were also telling me the same thing.

He didn't care about it. He loved me for who I was.

But could I get him to totally embrace my world? Let him... meet my parents?

A witch, taking a mortal home to meet the parents.

Oh, God. I hope they don't turn him into a frog...

"Isaac," I whispered against his lips.

"Hmm," he moaned.

"Back to mine?" I asked.

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Did she just say what I think she said? Back to hers? Hell yeah! I know that I should be giving you an insight into what guys think, and it should be one that doesn't involve that much sex and wanting to fuck her, but...

Damn, that witch is hot!

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The place was like a palace! The driveway was long and winding, and it went on for what seemed like 10 miles. When I caught my first glimpse of the manor my jaw dropped, and my mouth hung open. I opened and closed my mouth several times: trying to speak. I must've looked like a crazy fish or something! The driveway widened to a courtyard with a decorative fountain in the middle. The house was silent, except from the tinkling of water from the fountain.

The house itself wasn't gothic, how I'd imagined it. It was white washed, with a black roof, and it curved round the driveway. The windows were empty - none of the curtains closed.

I looked to Faye, confusion clear on my face. Why weren't any of the curtains closed? Why wasn't anyone sleeping?

"On All Saints Day, we have a party in the back. To celebrate the power that we feel on special days like these," she replied to my unasked question. I nodded mutely, still shocked by the large house.

I was lead through the house, to the back garden. And I stopped in my tracks.

There was a proper party going on! Cheryl Cole was blaring out of the speakers, and there was some sexy dancing going on everywhere! People were grinding against each other, kissing as they swayed to the music. Faye was tugging my hand; she was trying to drag me into the crowd of dancers. I shrugged internally, and followed her, grinning.

She threw her arms around my neck, and I snaked mine around her waist. We started swaying to the music of Michael Bublé. Don't ask me why his song was playing: it just was.

I looked at Faye, and began to laugh. Michael Bublé! She giggled delicately along with me, and mashed her lips to my chest, trying to muffle the sound. I pressed my lips to the top of her head, lightly kissing it. Just this sent electric jolts through my body.

I was calm and serene. All was right with the world.

But nothing lasts forever.

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It had been two years. Two years of an amazing relationship with my true love: Isaac Jenkins.

He had met my parents and family, and we were dubbed the 'perfect couple' at our school. We were utterly inseparable, spending every spare minute together. However, we hadn't gone all the way.

Yet.

I loved Isaac, with all my heart, and it was his birthday. So I wanted to get him an extra special present that no one else could get him. No one but me.

I had blindfolded him and we made our way up to my bedroom: I dragged Isaac while he stumbled about, his free arm waving crazily around.

Luckily, Caitlyn had married Jase last month, and so they were still on their honeymoon. Which means that she wouldn't hear what Isaac and I were going to get up to.

I opened the door to my bedroom and pushed him lightly onto my bed. He just lay there utterly bamboozled. I crawled on top of him and began to kiss him. He smiled from beneath my lips and kissed me back.

"Happy birthday," I whispered.

We were starting to get really physical and intimate when someone burst through my door.

"STOP! THIS IS THE MAGIC POLICE!!"

Oh my God, you were having a chuckle. The Magic Police crashed through my door. The magic police.

"Faye - if you do this with this... mortal... then you'll have to choose. It will be an act of true love, and you

know what choice you'll have to make," said an old man with a receding hairline. His eyes showed nothing but kindness and concern. And knowing.

My eyes popped open as I realised the choice. Oh no.

"Faye? Faye, babe, what's happened?" Isaac asked, scared. I couldn't reply; I was so shocked.

Could I?

Would I?

Isaac tore off his blindfold, and blinked rapidly to get his eyes accustomed to the light.

"What choice? What choice do you need to make?" he asked urgently. He sat up and cupped my face in his hands. "What choice, babe?"

"She cannot perform this... act... with you. It would be an act of true love - don't look so surprised, bub, she clearly loves you - and it is our law that you can't be a witch and be with you." He paused, then coughed awkwardly, "sex, in this particular instance, is the only way to show someone you love them truly."

"What choice would she need to make then?" he asked, desperate to know the answer.

"She can choose to have her powers taken away and be with you, or remain a witch, and never see you again."

I turned to see Isaac's reaction. He was utterly shocked. We were 17 years old, and I was having to decide if I wanted to be with my high school sweetheart.

Could I?

Would I?

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"Take them," she said. Take them? What?! She loved magic. She had always loved it. She WOULD always love it. I couldn't let her throw this away.

"What? No! Faye, you can't!"

"Yes, I can," she told me, "and I am."

She turned her back on me, and faced the old, decrepit dude. I watched as she took a large breath in, and blew it all out into a little bottle. Instead of just CO2 coming out of her mouth though, a sparkly substance glittered in the bottle.

"Fayline," baldie said, "you have more magic than normal. Much more than normal... Enough for two people, rather than one."

"I don't care," she said stubbornly, "I love Isaac, and I'm not leaving him. Ever."

I love my Faye.

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I love my Isaac.

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Faye became Mrs Isaac Jenkins when she was 22. She gave birth to a gorgeous little girl the next year, whom she named Renise.

Renise set her room on fire when she was just three. She also made a clown's feet shrink.

Renise was magic.

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iiiteeee, i hope you enjoyed it! and read boyfriends and best friends if you haven't already. i wanna know how to improve my stuff, and i like praise too soo ;).

vote&comment if you like it!!

Chapter 4

# My Christmas Story...

My Christmas Story...

"Why can't I just be a normal teenage boy," he moaned for what seemed to all his friends as the billon-eth time.

"Dude, you're asking Jack Frost? Seriously?"

"Yeah, but you've been doing this for what, three years now - surely you get some job satisfaction and you're used to it?"

"Well, I suppose... Look, Nick, it's your third and final year of work experience - who else is going to take

over the family business when your Dad retires? And, Jesus Christ -"

"Yeah?" called Jesus.

"- Oh sorry, mate, I forgot, ha," Jack apologised, smiling sheepishly as Jesus glowered at him and walked away. Jack turned back to Nick and whispered, "I thought he was all about forgiveness and stuff?"

"No, that was his like, great great-great-great-

white beard and seriously obese! Because all chicks dig that, of course," Nick replied, his voice dripping with sarcasm.

Nick groaned, cursing his father for ever meeting his Mum. If they hadn't met then there would be no Nick - and no Nick meant no problem. You see Nick Claue was not a normal boy with a normal father. He was Santa Claus' son, and was due to take over the family business when he turned eighteen. Laugh all you like, but Nick hated the prospect of being loved by every child that believed in Santa. Worldwide love was as bad as eating a can full of slimy, wet, sloppy worms to Nick.

He turned to his best friend, Jack Frost and shoved him as they walked down the corridor of school. Jack and Nick attended a school for 'magical' people: holiday figures, fairytale characters, witches, wizards, fairies, goblins, dwarves, vampires (only those that could control their thirst, obviously), toads... And it was nearly time for the break-up for the Christmas holidays. Jack had already had some time off, being forced to make everything frosty and

Christmas-ey, which meant late nights and skives from his morning classes.

However, the school day was finished, and now everyone was making their way to the Great Hall for an afternoon of Scottish Country Dancing to signify the end of the year. That's what you get for going to a 'magical' school in Scotland!

"Hey, guys," whispered a voice to their right. They looked round and saw a group of chattering, giggling girls in a sub-corridor. They were a great mixture - two redheads, three blondes, two with black hair, and one brunette. All of them were fairies.

The redheads were twins - Millie and Meg, both with a reputation to 'please' guys and were both Autumn fairies. They did everything together, from wearing the same items of clothing to the same accessories. No one but their parents could tell them apart - and even they had trouble. Today they were wearing thin black tights and green summer-dresses that finished above the knee, and just below the bum. Their shoes were high-heeled and green, making them about 5'8" rather than their usual 5'4". They both wore a black

cardigan that was longer than the dress itself. They were you're typical airheads that thought way to much of themselves and were always applying more lip-gloss to their shiny lips and covering themselves in foundation until they resembled an orange. Nick didn't go for those types of girls. Jack didn't mind, though.

The blondes were also airheads, with their heads full of dust and useless things in life that wouldn't get them far. However, they did do well in life science, mainly because they knew all the facts of life - especially in sex ed, as they had done a lot of that sort of 'thing' with many ex-students. The blondes were not triplets, or sisters - merely best friends that had been inseparable since they started school. There was Jamie, Haley and Louisa and all summer fairies. Louisa was sporting a long yellow blouse with a brown belt tied around her waist, showing off her curves. Her hair fell around her face in loose curls below her breasts and her side fringe was pulled into a quiff at the top of her head. Hayley had short hair, cut in a pixie 'do and straightened. She was wearing a brown dress that reached just above the knees with

a yellow elasticised belt around the waist and a yellow, cropped cardigan. Jamie had her hair tied in a side-ponytail with her hair flowing down her side like a waterfall, wavy. She was wearing a pair of cropped yellow trousers and a black low-cut top.

The two teens with black hair were emo, but pretty. They were sisters, but not twins - a year difference - and they were the fairies of Darkness. Their names were Sasha and Leanne. Sasha was wearing a pair of red skinny jeans and a tight black top with blood red tears on it. She wore black converse too. Her hair was messily ruffled and chaotic, like she had just woken up. Leanne had a block fringe and long, dead straight head. She was wearing black skinny jeans and red converse. Her red top had one word on it, which creeped Nick and Jack out - 'die'. The fairies of Darkness were creepy, to be honest, and they scared the brown stuff out of most sensible boys, yet they were very popular around the emo guys. They were clever, but not total brainiacs - they were more clever in a cunning, sly way.

The brunette was Georgia - or Gee. She was the 'leader' of this particular group of fairies, and a rebel. She was witty, cool and clever - extremely clever, both in a cunning and intelligent way. Her brown hair was puled up into a messy bun that made her good looking and her side fringe swept across her forehead and into her eyes in a graceful manner. She was wearing a pair of short black shorts, black high-heeled boots and pink tights, with a pink top decorated with sparkles and jewels. She was a love fairy.

"Oi, Frosty and Santa," she hissed. Nick and Jack exchanged a look before simultaneously looking back at her and pointing at themselves. "Yes, you two! Get your asses over here, now!"

They needed no more encouragement that the fact Gee was talking to them. They made their way through the throng of people and rushed into the sub-corridor.

"We can't be arsed with the Scottish Country Dancing crap, so we've decided to ditch it," Gee told them, "and we need some entertainment.

"So, what d'ya say, boys?" asked Louisa in a flirtatious manner.

Looking at each other and grinning, the two boys replied, "definitely!"

* * *

This was what they had in mind. The girls had led them to their dorm room and, before Nick and Jack knew what had hit them, all eight girls attacked them and started to rip off their clothes. Now, Jack was quite at ease with this - in fact, he quite enjoyed it. But Nick was not so sure that the girls had in mind what Jack had in mind. Boy, Nick could not have been more right.

"What now, ladies?" Jack said, winking at Louisa as they tore off his boxers.

"Well..." replied Gee, walking closer and closer to Jack, and wrapping her arms around his neck, leaning her face closer to his, her mouth ever closer to his. Soon, they were breathing the same air and then Gee said, "chuck his stuff out the window."

The girls burst out laughing as they threw Jack's clothing out the window: jeans; top; boxers; socks, all out the window. All Jack could do was rip away from Georgia's grasp and lunge for his clothes, but too late. He fell to the floor and buried his face in his hands. Nick kept as quiet as possible, hoping the same fate would not befall him.

"Girls," Jack said, looking up at his torturers, "please tell me you have a spare change of clothes."

"Oh, we do..." drawled Sasha, "just incase, you know?"

"But unfortunately, you'll have to do a little task for us before you get them," said Jamie.

"You see, it's little Leanne's initiation today, to see if she's made of the stuff we accept in our group, and for this, we need her to take you into the bathroom and perform an... act... that will allow her to successfully pass into the group," explained Millie.

"And so you'd better get in there now, bad boy," growled Meg.

Leanne walked slowly towards Jack and pushed him into the bathroom, her face resembling a lioness as she hunted her prey. Leanne turned and winked at the seven remaining girls as she closed the door. The lock let off a resounding click.

Three seconds later, Jack let off a blood-curling scream, and the girls all laughed.

Then turned back to Nick.

"Oh, crap," he thought.

* * *

"What to do with Santa Clause..." Gee mused under her breath.

"Actually," Nick started timidly, "I don't take the name of Santa until my Dad retires and I go solo. My name -" Gee silenced him with a look.

"What to do with Santa," she repeated, glowering at Nick.

"Listen, idiot," muttered Louisa, who was nearest Nick as Gee turned away and started rifling through

a trunk of clothes. "No one corrects Gee - she's always right. Got it? And cover yourself up, honestly!"

Nick had forgotten he was naked.

Idiot, he told himself as he grabbed a pillow from an outstretched hand and covered his 'man parts'.

"But they were very nice... I wouldn't mind seeing them again, sometime," Louisa continued, winking.

"No flirting with Santa, Lou," snapped Meg, "honestly, have you no self respect? One day, he'll be fat!"

Nick looked at Louisa again, closely this time. It seemed she had an air around her that seemed sad - less cheerful than the others at the prospect of torturing Nick. She looked down right glum and unhappy! Nick wished his fairy friend was here - Hector.

Hector got a lot of stick for being a fairy, which was unfair if Hector didn't act like a poofter fairy. But he did - and he enjoyed it. But he wasn't gay! But the fact he actually acted like someone that bats for the other side made girls flock round him and want to be his best friend, so they could have a gay best friend - the

fairy was no fool. Hector had the ability to tell what people were thinking, just due to their aura.

Nick was desperate to know what Louisa was thinking, and why she was like... this!

"Look at her," Hector's voice whispered in Nick's ear. Nick whipped his head around to where the noise came from, but saw nobody near him - no Hector. Dude, I'm telepathic! Stupid idiot. Look at her, look at Louisa.

Nick looked - a brief glance that turned into a longing stare. The longing he felt was something above and beyond physical longing - it was more than that, it was more her presence Nick longed for. This was unusual, but he felt connected with Louisa. Maybe that was her fairy charm, but it was stronger than his longing for any of the other girls in the room.

"Isn't it obvious?" Harold asked.

"Umm, no," Nick reply-thought.

"She's sick of the girls she's hanging out with, but can't leave that crowd, otherwise she'll be forced into a final year of being a total reject. With her looks, she

doesn't think she can handle that, Harold informed me, you should have a look into her mind - it's really complex! She is so not an airhead like she pretends to be and - she's in love."

"In love?" thought Nick, gutted that this girl who he felt such a connection to was already in love. "Damn it! Why can't she love me?"

"Maybe she does, dipshit," said Harold's voice as it faded into the darkness.

And that's how it all started.

* * *

"I love you," she murmured.

"As I love you," Nick told her seriously, "and I'm sorry about this - truly, I am. I don't want to be fat, and critically obese but it goes with the job, I suppose."

"Can you do something for me," Louisa whispered in his ear as they walked down the road. The pavement sparkled like a thousand diamonds as the light reflected off Jack's handiwork as Jack Frost. The Christmas lights also flashed and Nick looked around

at all the extravagant lights and stupid reindeers and trains - how are trains connected to Christmas, for crying out loud?

"Sure," Nick whispered back.

"Bring me back a few mince pies," she instructed, nibbling on Nick's ear. They laughed quietly together as they walked down the street together, hand in hand.

Nick had been Santa Claus for three years now, and he had come to realise that during the year, he lost weight easily, and his beard fell off, and he became the teenage Nick - but as Christmas approached he would put on weight really quickly and be unable to get rib of his white beard. But, being honest with himself, Nick didn't mind anymore. He had his Mrs Claus waiting for when the time was right, and she was standing next to him, holding his hand.

Nick was content with the world, and was glad to be Santa Claus. Loved world-wide, but most importantly, loved by Louisa the summer fairy.

# About the Author

**zoeproudfoot**